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POETIC CREATIONS

BY
M. C. HAUBOLD



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P. O. BOX 1080

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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M. C. HAUBOLD



COMPANION VOLUME
TO
The Personal Path to Power,
Poetic Expressions



DEC 19 1921

Giles Publishing & Printing Co.
125 So. Spring St.

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no 1.



AULD LANG SYNE

Before the fire I am dreaming
Over dear friends of long ago,
And thru memory's opened portal
I am with them as of yore.

Time has dealt with some so kindly,
Others are care and sorrow worn.
Life is just sunshine and shadows
With wintry winds and summer storms.

Long thru hours, swift and fleeting
I ponder and dream, silent, alone,
And as they come, these love-lit memories
My Heart goes out to My Own.



COMRADES

Whither ye go, there I too goeth
Over the earth wherever ye roam,
And all that comes is ours together
Be it so blest, or storm and ruin.

While the days will glow with sunshine
As hand-in-hand thru life we go,
For all we've known, expressed, or spoken,
Gives but a glimpse of all in store.

Thus may life be with us my comrade,
Naught else but joy, deep love, and truth,
With hopes realized in all their meaning
Till life is full and running o'er.

AUTUMN

Autumn now calls to the restless Soul
Come thou and abide with me,
Afar from the ceaseless strife of men
Roam thou and be at peace.

Come thou among the falling leaves
Their tones of gold and brown,
Gladden the eye and warm the heart,
'Ere they sleep upon the ground.

Yet still afar in the forest-land
Where all is wild and free,
And Nature dons her gayest mood
Come thou and rejoice with me.

Then Autumn speaks to each earthly life
Give heed to thy meeds and gains,
Whatever ye sow, so ye must reap
When the harvest is garnered and gleaned.

THE THREE GRACES

What seeketh thou anon—
Peace, thou answereth, Peace!
Surcease from earthly care and toil?
Knoweth thou not that Peace
Within the heart is Peace indeed!

What seeketh thou anon—
Joy, thou answereth, Joy!
Forgetfulness of life's unending trials?
Knoweth thou not that Joy
Within the heart is Joy indeed!

What seeketh thou anon—
Love, thou answereth, Love!
The brief delight of passion's will-o'-wisp?
Knoweth thou not that Love
Within the heart is Love indeed!

REALITIES

From the tips of the mountains
Wafted by winds soft and fair;
The mist lifts at morning,
Like the white wings of prayer.

O'er the face of the ocean
Blown by winds from afar;
The whitecaps break and scatter,
Like such playthings we are.

O'er broad pensive valleys
Broods the spirit of peace;
Behold tree, bloom, and meadow,
Will we ne'er learn from these.

A PRAYER

From out the realms where Silence dwells.
Send Thou a thought of Peace to me.

From out of the realms of Pure Delight
Send Thou a song of Joy to me.

From out the realms where Thou abides
Send Thou a ray of Love to me.

And as the years draw to the eventide
May we meet, forever, Thou and I.

TRUTH

Great Father, we are Thy children
Yearning and seeking for Truth,
In mountain, plain, desert and woodland,
In heavens above, in earth beneath.

Great Father, let thy light shine upon us
And guide us still nearer Thee,
That we may, Thy Truth discerning
Forsake our false gods for Thee.

Great Father, in all still before us
Be with us, even unto the end,
And at last may we stand before Thee
In the Radiant Splendor of Thy Truth.

QUO VADIS

Whither goeth thou, there I be,
Still, still so near to thee
Here, there, and everywhere.

All life obeys My Law,
Else all would be as naught
Here, there, and everywhere.

All is a part of Me,
Yet I doth dwell in thee
Here, there, and everywhere.

I was, 'ere time begun,
Will be, when time is done
Here, there, and everywhere.

For I Am one and all,
Shewing forth My perfect Law
Here, there, and everywhere.

PRITHEE

Mon cher, as you sigh
O'er the days that are going
With the light of the stars
Twinkling down from above,
Tell me, do you feel
That the joys of Arcady
Will be ours to know
In the days still to be?

Mon cher, as you walk
In the cool of the morning
Thru the garden of love
Enshrined in my heart,
Tell me, can you hear
What the roses are saying
As they whisper and nod
O'er thy laughter and tears?

Mon cher, as you gaze
O'er the hills and the valleys
To the far-flung horizon
And ships on the sea,
Tell me, can you see
In the haze of the distance
A glimpse of that isle
The port of our dreams?

FOGS

When the fog covers the valleys
With its shadowy, murky arms,
Seek thou the heights above it
Where the air is pure and warm.

When the fogs of life enfold thee
And thou art lost—forlorn,
Seek thou the way within thee
Where the light shines clear and strong.

When the fog of death enshrouds thee
And hides thee from thy own,
Hold fast to the Truth Eternal
It will guide thee safely home.

GUARDIAN LIGHTS

Lo over the hills the sunset is fading
Swiftly the twilight enfolds with its peace,
And awakening from sleep the stars all
 atwinkle
Over our slumbers their loving watch keep.

Thus thru the night from dusk to day's
 dawning
They speed from the East to the West of our
 dreams,
Bearing with them the hopes of our hearts
To that distant clime beyond empires unseen.

Then as they fade in the glow of the morning
And we awake from dreams of the night,
There comes to us thru mists, dim and hoary,
A glimpse of that glorious Eternal Light.

WITCHERIES

The mystic charm of the ocean
Is calling to you and me,
Come rest thou upon my bosom
Where life is full and free.

The mystic swell of the ocean
So gently lulls to sleep,
Whatever thy cares or sorrows
It will bring thee sweet surcease.

The mystic song of the ocean
From lullaby to deafening roar,
Is the voice of its spirit speaking
To man's inmost heart and soul.

The mystic breath of the ocean
Soothes body, mind, and soul,
With its touch of the Great Eternal
Wind borne from far distant shores.

AHOY!

The fading light of the Orient sky
Brings mystic peace to the starry night.
And all is still save the restless winds
As they sport apace with the rippling waves.

And far away our loved ones sleep
As we rock and toss on the briny deep.
With abiding trust thru the whole night long
We sleep and dream as the ship goes on.

While the "ether" tells in its mystic way
Of life and fate thru the passing day.
With the wide world kin—whatever betides,
Help speeds swift thru the darkest night.

Even thus the soul on the ocean of life
Must go with faith thru the days and nights,
In prayerful touch with the Infinite Mind
Who can guide us to port on the shores of
time.

THE HINTERLAND

Over the way to the Eastward
Lies the land of our yesterdays,
With their joys, heart throbs, and sorrows
And memories that ne'er will fade.

Over the way to the Westward
Lies the golden land of our dreams,
Where the sunset glow from the Orient
Gleams over our ship coming in.

Yet above, all around, lies the "uplands"
Where the East and the West are one,
And the darkening shadows ne'er gather
For the sunset blends with the dawn.

BE STILL

Be still and know that I Am God.
How else can thou attain to Me?
I dwell not in the surging crowd
But in the "uplands" ye findeth Me.

Be still and know that I Am God.
How else can I abide with thee?
'Tis not in runnings to and fro
But in the stillness there I be.

Be still and know that I Am God.
How else can I commune with thee?
Not among the restless tides of life
But when thou art alone with Me.

MIRAGES

A haze enfolds in the distance
The far mountains and canyons deep,
Till they seem shorn of their terrors
Yet how rough their trails and steep.

A haze enfolds in the distance
The far away land of our dreams,
Where all seems blest and roseate
Yet things are not all they seem.

A haze enfolds in the distance
As we gaze o'er the vales of life,
Seek not there for peace—contentment,
'Tis here in the midst of strife.

JUST BE GLAD

O just be glad from sun to sun
For all that's done or left undone.
Waste not a sigh or even a tear
For day or deed of by-gone years.

O just be glad for storm and rain
When clouds roll by 'twill shine again.
Give not a thought to vanished pence
Or treasure rare nor where it went.

O just be glad thru days of strife,
Whatever comes, 'tis part of life.
Show worry, grief the open door
And bid them gone for evermore.

DESTINY

Some folks have naught but “kicks and
crusts”

And others have gold, some more than
enough.

Some folks are wise beyond their time
While others get burnt before they learn.

Some folks have love and a happy home
And others pray and long for one.

Some folks do sure have an easy lot
And others slave for all they’ve got.

To each has come his very Own
For what he is he has become.

Life’s not unkind but only gives
To each his dues as he has lived.

BITTERSWEET

Life was not made just for loving
Or even for toil or for quiet,
But all are blended together
To soften the sternness of life.

Life was not meant just for laughter
Or even for heartaches or trials,
But all are blended together
For such is the measure of life.

Life was not meant just for pleasure
Or even for suffering or grime,
But all are blended together
To teach us the meaning of life.

SERENITY

Life moves too swift to be grieving
O'er days and deeds that are gone,
Lift up your heart to the "uplands"
And go thru life with a song.

Are trials before or besides thee
Or love branch torn from thy tree?
Grieve not, the days swiftly passing
Will bring thee the surcease of peace.

Grieve not o'er fate's fickle fortunes,
What avails her vain golden store,
When Death calls trumps as we gamble
And we lose all we have and more.

OH HELL.

Listen to the grouches as they go thru life,
Everythings all wrong and they're always
right.

Their toast is burnt and the coffee bum,
And they raise the deuce the whole day long.

They sure do howl when they miss the train,
And cuss the luck if it happens to rain.
It's too darn hot when the sun comes out,
And if it's cold they're down in the mouth.

If a baby cries they swear it's hell,
And they spitefully snarl at the wedding
bells.

When the devil snickers and calls them home,
They rail at fate and die with groans.

AU REVIOR

I'm going home
Where the lotus blooms
And life is sweet,
Goodbye.

I'm going where
There's never a care
And dreams come true,
Goodbye.

I'm going there
Where the Muses dwell
And sing My Songs,
Goodbye.

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